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— THE —

# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

Designed Expressly for the Education and Elevation of the Young.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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# THE Juvenile Instructor

ORGAN FOR YOUNG

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

LATTER-DAY SAINTS.



VOL. XXII.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 15, 1887.

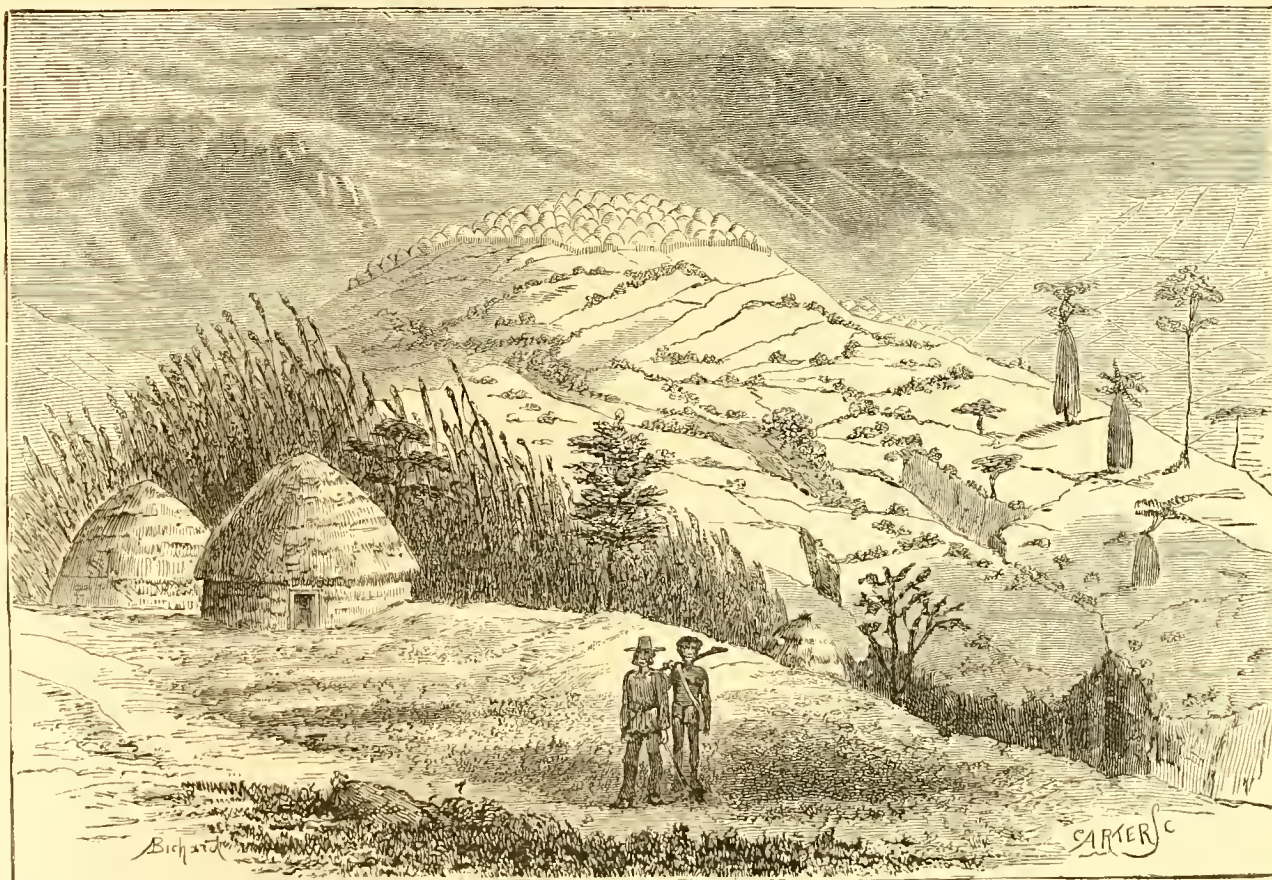
NO. 8.

## KAFFIR ARCHITECTURE.

OUR illustration represents an African village and shows the very peculiar style of architecture in vogue among the Kaffirs, an uncivilized race of people occupying a large part of southern Africa. It is said to be an impossibility for this race to build a square house or a straight fence, all their work is

thatched. Occasionally one of the aristocrats will plaster the interior of his hut with mud.

There are no intricacies in the construction of these huts. A circle is drawn, generally about fourteen feet in diameter, around which are stuck a number of long, flexible sticks. These are



done on the curve; and they cannot comprehend how it is possible for houses to be erected with angles, according to the methods of civilized life. They are also unacquainted with the use of rock and other substantial building material, their experience being confined to the use of posts and sticks of which their houses are made and the reeds with which they are

bent over and fastened at the top, and are then thatched with reeds which are secured in place by parallel lashings.

Around the dwellings about six inches from the wall trenches of eighteen inches or two feet in width and the same depth are dug as drains for the water which in the wet season descends in torrents and would quickly swamp the inhabitants were it



not for this precaution. When the building is finished the opening which serves as a door and which is barely large enough to allow a man to creep out on his hands and knees, is cut and its edges are protected by plaited twigs. At night, the only time when the hut is closed up, a simple door of wicker work stops the aperture. No window or chimney is thought necessary. Sometimes two posts across which is laid a beam support the roof of these frail dwellings, and on this timber the various articles needed in cooking and hunting are hung so as not to be injured by contact with the ground. The fireplace, circular in form, is just within the enclosure, and is only made with a view to confine the embers within a limited space. The smoke is allowed to escape as best it can; sometimes it works its way through the thatch, sometimes finds exit through the door, but more frequently settles as soot on the sides and everything contained in the room.

On the roofs of the huts skulls of oxen are frequently seen. These are ornaments and are very characteristic of the Kaffir. He loves his cattle almost more than he does his own life, yet when he sees an opportunity to gain favor with his neighbors by the slaughter of an ox he does it, feeling that their praise of his generosity is sufficient to compensate for the diminution of his wealth. On such occasions he is frequently addressed as father and sometimes is hailed as chief by the more enthusiastic of his guests. The killing of an ox is therefore a bid for flattery and higher rank. In order, however, that the memory of the feast may not fade from the minds of those who have partaken, the host takes the skull of the slaughtered animal and places it on the top of his hut as a sign that the occupant of the dwelling is a man of wealth, and has been so generous as to spare one of his beasts to serve as a treat to his friends.

These huts are at the best very frail things, and while they resist the force of the wind they are but poor protection against the attacks of an enemy or the destructiveness of wild beasts. The natives are capable of hurling an assagai, a short spear, through the walls. On one occasion an elephant having found some millet within the village began feeding upon it. While doing so he spied a fire in one of the huts. This angered him and he knocked the house to pieces with one blow of his trunk and walked over the ruins, trampling a woman to death who was asleep therein.

Doubtless our readers will wonder why these natives do not improve upon their architecture and make themselves more comfortable, but very likely they are filled with equal wonder at our manner of living. It is a fact that Kaffirs who have been taken to European countries and taught some of the ways of civilized life no sooner return to their native land than they throw aside all acquired ideas of better living and return to their filthy habits and savage life.

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**HAVE AN OBJECTIVE POINT.**—A person who has no object in life is apt to run a vagrant and useless career. A man who aims at nothing cannot reasonably expect to hit anything. In military operations there is always an objective point. The objective point is the point to be made, the thing to be done. All the forces of the army are concentrated on the making of that point; and when it is made success follows. In one sense life is warfare—it is a succession of campaigns. And every one should have his objective point—a clearly-defined purpose—and work persistently towards it. Success is the result.

## A LIFE SKETCH.

BY ELDER B. B.

(Continued from page 111.)

**W**ITHIN a week after this fight, Gen. Grant had perfected his arrangements for the final assault upon the strongholds of the enemy. We were marched to one of our defences called Fort Hell, and the task allotted to us was the capture of an opposing one called Fort Damnation.

When the first light of day dawned we were ready in three lines of battle to attempt the assault. To oppose our progress there was first the strongly guarded line of pickets, then the abatis, next the *chevaux de frise*, after this, a wide deep ditch half filled with water, and dug just outside the fortifications, then the latter bristling with ugly-looking cannon; and worst of all there was the sheltered enemy, who was trained to be wilfully careless in the use of fire arms. The pickets were surprised, and the abatis caused the first halt: the *chevaux de frise* were soon brushed aside, but the ditch brought us all to a standstill. In the meantime, the enemy, aroused, had manned his works, and at such close range that the burning powder almost flamed in our faces, and was pouring deadly volleys into our ranks; here the dead and dying were soon piled in heaps, as we were obliged to move in compact masses, one way or the other, in lines parallel with the ditch to find the crossings over it. When these were reached our troops swarmed into the forts and drove their defenders out and took position in a second line of entrenchments in rear of the first, but within rifle range.

The troops sent against the fort on our left failed to capture it, and thus we were assailed in turn from front and flank. We were hard pressed to maintain our position, and finally got to such close quarters that a five foot bank of earth was all that intervened between us and the enemy. An attempt was made to precipitate a body of men over this into the midst of the foe. An officer placed himself at the head of the troops assigned to this dreadful task, and ordered them to follow him. The soldiers hesitated, but, without a moment's delay, he sprang to the top of the bank, but was pushed back with the butt end of the muskets of his chivalrous foes. Three times was this scene enacted, when the order for the assault was countermanded. Why this officer was not shot or bayonnetted, we could not conjecture unless his bravery inspired such respect that none of the enemy felt like killing him.

About this time a fellow soldier took position in a place which I had just vacated, and was almost immediately killed. I had not passed three paces from the spot when the fatal bullet struck him.

My ammunition failing, I was ordered to go to a point about two hundred yards distant to replenish my stock, and to bring some forward for the company. Filling my cartridge box to its utmost capacity I seized what I could conveniently carry, and started to return. I had performed my duty expeditiously, but brief as the time was, it had been long enough for the enemy, by making a sudden dash, to drive our regiment and the one next to it in utter confusion from the field. The Southern troops then occupied their recaptured works, and I had passed beyond all of our forces and was rapidly walking right into the rebel ranks with a supply of ammunition, when the shouts of the Union soldiers first apprised me of my danger. As I was not the man to assail an army single-handed, I quickly yielded to the entreaties of my friends

to "come back," and "quickly" may qualify not only the mental, but, also, the physical action which was necessary to comply with the kind invitation. The idea of continuing in the battle surrounded only by strangers who would have no interest in reporting my fate to the loved ones at home in case I should be killed, was not pleasant; and I made diligent inquiry respecting the whereabouts of our regiment, but could learn nothing beyond the fact of the retreat. I remained where I was for perhaps an hour, when I discovered some new flags in a portion of the line, away off on the right. The new flags I knew belonged to our division and I determined to reach them, if possible, in hopes of meeting personal friends. Had I been acquainted with the topography of the country, my purpose could have been accomplished without much risk, but as it was I moved right down along the lines of battle, (though the fighting there had partially ceased), and several times found myself on extremely dangerous ground. On one occasion having followed a trench for some distance I discovered that it was leading me outside of our lines, and into an exposed part of the field. I had stopped to reflect a little on the situation, and stood at a point where two ditches intersected each other. A steep hillside was on my right, and as I was looking around to determine what direction to take in order to afford myself the greatest protection, my eye suddenly caught sight of a burning shell rolling down the hill, and almost directly towards me. As it was not then over fifteen feet from me, what had to be done must be done quickly. Calculating that the shell would roll into the ditch in front of me, and a little beyond the line of intersection, I immediately threw myself flat into the connecting ditch. Almost simultaneously with my embrace of mother earth, the shell exploded blowing off a portion of the bank of the ditch, and covering my pedal extremities with earth. Finding myself still in one piece, I arose, shook off the dust, and climbing the hillside on my right, I was soon again within our lines, and, proceeding on my journey, I arrived a few minutes thereafter at my objective point, and to my great joy found our own company gathered around the regimental colors.

The following day we entered Petersburg, and after a brief halt in the city, joined in the pursuit of Gen. Lee's army, though we were not present at the surrender. When the war was over I received an honorable discharge from the military service of the United States, and on the 7th day of June, 1865, was received with deepest joy beneath the roof of the old homestead.

I am unable to account for the striking contrasts which my army experiences afford, except by supposing that two opposing forces were wielding a powerful influence over me. One of these, being evil, led me at times to be reckless of my life, while the other either directly averted the stroke of death, or else endowed me with a presence of mind which enabled me to elude the danger. So great was God's watch-care over me that I never discovered the mark of a shot upon my clothing, though, on several occasions, I was individually made a target for the enemy, when the least exposure of any vital part of my body would instantly cause the deadly minnie balls to whistle in startling proximity to my person.

Not long after my return home I obtained a position as clerk in a general merchandising establishment in the town of D——. My nearest relatives thought I was doing very well, but the spirit of unrest was upon me, and in less than two years after laying down my musket, I had wandered to the State of Iowa, and there, alone, was battling with the realities of life. Arriving in Iowa City in mid-Winter, the season was

most inopportune for securing employment easily. While in that vicinity I soon found myself, and without being able to assign any particular cause, deeply interested in the subject of religion. I read the Bible diligently and prayed earnestly. Two or three meetings of a revival service were attended, and I once requested an interview with the minister in charge, but all this was seemingly barren of results. Just at this time I obtained a situation as a farm hand with a Mr. R——, who lived a few miles from the city. When established in my new quarters, I continued the devotional exercises which I had been pursuing. I felt a keen sense of my obligation to God, and was very desirous of doing His will. In the course of a few weeks, without having previously detected the progress of the work which had been going on within me, I realized that a complete change had passed upon my being. God's character, which in certain aspects had always before seemed repulsive to me, was now wholly grand and lovely. I experienced a new and strong love for all mankind. Nature even took on brighter hues and my conscience was so tender that I avoided, if possible, treading on the harmless insects at my feet. I was seized with an intense desire to tell others of the goodness of God, and I thought it strange that they could not understand Him as I did. Thus were experienced the first promptings of my heart to preach the gospel, but I smothered them; for my ideas of the necessary qualifications of a minister were so lofty that I censured myself severely for entertaining the thought that my life-mission could be so noble. I applied for admission to the Methodist Episcopal Church and was received on probation. About this time God was pleased again to display His mercy and goodness in preserving me from death by accident. While assisting to roll a heavy log up some "skids," a hitching apparatus which had been improvised for the occasion suddenly gave way, and the log, rolling back, struck and knocked me down, pinning me at the same time to the earth. Death seemed inevitable, for had the log descended another fraction of an inch some of my bones must have been broken, and the next instant life would have been crushed out of me, but just then the very clumsiness of the hitching device which had resulted in my exposure to death, was used as a means to stay the further descent of the log. When released from my perilous position I was unable to get up without assistance. Some of the bones of my body had been subjected to a severe test, but not one was broken. Nothing less than the power of God arrested the descent of that log in the very peculiar manner in which it was done, and at the last fraction of a moment which intervened between my possible preservation and destruction.

(To be Continued.)

REBELLION—ITS WICKEDNESS.—There can be no treaty of peace till we lay down these weapons of rebellion with which we fight against heaven; nor can we expect to have our distempers cured, if our daily food be poison.

HEROISM is rarely understood to be simply uncompromised duty. Heroism which is not duty is but a dream of the dark ages. Duty that is not performed with the spirit of a hero is but the mortar and brick of hard bondage. In the daily walks of life, unseen and unadmired, there may exist the truest heroic elements, and all may find, if they dare choose, a glorious life and grave in the sphere of commonplace duty.



# FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

## A LETTER TO THE PRIMARY CHILDREN.

SALT LAKE CITY, March, 1887.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS:

The Primary Association is a leading feature in this, the 20th Ward.

We meet every Thursday afternoon. Fast day we call "Nickel Thursday" in our Primary, and on that day each of us who wants to, and whose parents can afford it takes a nickel, and gives it to help emigrate some poor child.

We usually have readings, recitations and songs by the children, and instructions from the officers. But sometimes we have play meetings, which we enjoy very much.

Every year, in April, we celebrate the organization of our association. We always have such good times at these anniversaries.

Some of the general and Stake Officers of the Primary organizations, come and visit us then; also our parents and older brothers and sisters. At these meetings, after the close of the exercises we have cake, oranges, candy, and sometimes lemonade handed around by the young ladies who help our President.

Next month, we will have our eighth anniversary meeting. After that, I hope to write you another letter, and tell you something more.

With this, I will send a little dialogue which was spoken at our last anniversary. Some of you may like to learn it:

### THE GREATEST MAN.

DIALOGUE FOR TWO LITTLE BOYS.

CHARACTERS.—*John and Joseph.*

*Joseph.* Say, John, there's something I want to know, More than anything else beside;

Perhaps you'll call it foolishness,  
And maybe you'll think it's pride.

But whatever you choose to call it,  
Please answer me if you can,

What must I learn, as a little boy,  
That will make me the greatest man?

*John.* Well, Joseph, your question is simple,  
And easy enough to ask;

But I hardly think that to answer it,

Would be so small a task.

The thought of being the *greatest man*,  
Is something very high!

A thing I scarce dare hope to reach,  
However, I can try.

(*Thoughtfully.*) Have you thought of being a  
soldier brave,

And learning how to fight?

*Joseph.* Yes, but I don't believe in that,  
Papa says it isn't right.

*John.* And I think just as your father does.

What about learning law,

And someday being a congressman,  
Have you thought of that?

*Joseph.* Pshaw!

Long years ago such things as those,  
Might have answered well, but now,

I'd rather be a farmer;  
Rake hay, or follow the plow.

*John.* That's good! That's just right, Joseph,

And the very best thing for you,

Is cheerfully, and faithfully,  
Some useful work to do.

Be a farmer, or a mechanic,  
But think more of being *honest*,  
Than of ever getting rich.

Be prudent and industrious,

Gentle, polite and kind,  
And whatever your parents say to you,  
Always be quick to mind.

Learn these things *now*, and do them,

Then reaching man's estate,

There's little fear, if any,

But what you'll be *good and great!*

*Joseph.* I thank you John, for your kind advice;  
And I'll take it too, you'll see;

An *honest* man, is the *greatest* man,  
And that's what I mean to be!

LULA.

### WHOM TO MEND.

A SCHOOLMASTER who was placed over a new school resolved, as was right, to make it the very best school possible. He pondered over the matter a good while, and then concluded that the best way to get at his object was to arouse a spirit of self-respect and self-improvement in the pupils. So one day he talked to them quite earnestly, and

finally he said, thinking he had made the subject very plain to them all: "Now boys, I believe there's just one way to do this thing. If each one of you will make up his mind to mend one boy of his faults, the whole school will mend in a very short time."

"All right, sir," spoke up little Jimmy Eaton, who had been very much interested in the discussion, "I'll mend Jack Willet." The whole school laughed aloud, for it seemed funny that the only boy who had not understood what the teacher meant was the one to be so eager to answer.

But, children, I wonder how many of you, if your name had been Jimmy Eaton, would have made up your minds to mend Jimmy Eaton instead of Jack Willet? It is so easy to try to mend other people's faults instead of your own. If you see faults in your schoolmates, don't talk about it or them, but just say to yourself, "That looks pretty bad in Jack. I wonder if I do anything like that?" If on self-examination you find that you do, just struggle your best to mend it. Or if you find you have not that particular fault, pick out some other from your own, and the chances are ten to one that by the time you have corrected yours, he will have corrected his, especially if he notices you trying to break yourself of the wrong habit, whatever it may be.

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 6.

1. Who were dragged from their families in Far West and brought prisoners into camp the next day? A. Hyrum Smith and Amasa M. Lyman.

2. What demand did General Lucas make of the militia of Far West the same day? A. He demanded their arms and took them away.

3. What promise did he make them? A. That the people should be protected and their arms returned.

4. Did he keep his promise? A. No; they received no protection and their arms were never restored to them.

5. How did the mob act as soon as they got possession of the Saints' arms? A. They commenced their ravages, plundering them of their bedding, clothing, money and everything of value they could lay their hands upon.

6. What occurred on the evening of this day? A. A court-martial was held, composed of seven-

teen preachers and some of the principal officers of the army.

7. What was the decision of this court-martial in the cases of the brethren? A. It sentenced them to be shot at eight o'clock the next morning in the public square at Far West, in the presence of their families and friends.

8. When the sentence was passed who stood up and interfered in behalf of the brethren? A. General Doniphan.

9. What were his words? A. That neither he nor his brigade should have any hand in the shooting—that it was nothing short of cold-blooded murder.

10. What course did he take after uttering these words? A. He left the court-martial and ordered his brigade to prepare and march off the ground.

#### QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. How did Gen. Clark busy himself for the next few days after the arrival of Joseph and his fellow-prisoners at Richmond? 2. Why was Clark so anxious to have the brethren tried by court-martial? 3. What evidence have we of the pre-arranged plan of Clark to have Joseph and his companions shot? 4. Finding it impossible to have his wish gratified what did he conclude to do? 5. When, and before whom were they then brought for trial? 6. How did King and Burch figure in the affairs at Far West? 7. About how many of the Saints were brought before King on mock trial? 8. How long did this trial last? 9. What were the results?

THE names of those who correctly answered the Questions on Church History published in No. 6 are as follows: W. J. C. Mortimer; Henry H. Blood, Heber C. Blood, Lottie Fox, Samuel Stark, George S. Forsyth, Avildia L. Page.

THE *Great Eastern* carried into the dry dock at Milford Haven quite a number of outside passengers. The mussels had clustered on the outside plates to the depth of six inches, making in all about three hundred tons weight, enough to load two good collier brigs.



## A SACRED HISTORY.

## External Evidences of the Truth of the Book of Mormon.

BY THOMAS A. SHREEVE.

## Chapter IV.

WE now come to a consideration of Reformed Egyptian—which is not another language, but is merely a modification of the hieratic Egyptian which Nephi brought from Jerusalem.

Moroni said, "we have written this record according to our knowledge in the characters, which are called among us the Reformed Egyptian, being handed down and altered by us according to our manner of speech." A thousand years elapsed between the time that Nephi wrote and the hour when Moroni engraved these words upon his record. Having distinctly shown, as I think, that Nephi wrote in the hieratic Egyptian now known to scholars, two inquiries naturally arise: is the assertion reasonable that the written language would be modified within the time stated? And, also, when and how did the modifications in the language occur, of which Moroni speaks?

Even within the present century some changes have occurred in our own written language, although we have books and newspapers without end. But of course no fair test could be made in the experience of one century—we must go to the earliest writings extant for an illustration. I have taken pains to examine the old English narrative of Beowulf. The only manuscript which has been preserved of this poem was written in the English of that day, at the close of the tenth century, about 900 years ago. It is kept in the British Museum, and is regarded as one of the most valuable of English records. It was the work of a monk, who wrote it from dictation. The best modern English scholars can read scarcely one word of it. The characters in which we write and print to-day bear some slight resemblance to the ancient writing of Beowulf; but so greatly modified has our written language been that, as I said, the best modern English scholar cannot read any of this early English poem without special study, as if he were investigating a foreign tongue.

I think, then, that the statement made by Moroni concerning the alteration or change of the written Egyptian characters is borne out by reason, and by human experience. In fact, from what we now know, if he had made any other statement he might reasonably have been open to question. Whether the changes or modifications made by the successive historians of the Nephite race tended to an improvement on their written priestly language, it is not now my purpose to discuss. Moroni says changes were made, and we cannot [reasoning from intrinsic proof or analogy] justly question his assertion. This, I think, is sufficient answer to the first inquiry.

According to the Book of Mormon, the Nephites began to scatter throughout the land about two centuries after their establishment in this hemisphere. From this hour until their final extinction there was contention with the Lamanites, except at brief intervals. Being engaged in wars, and being frequently dispersed from their gathering-places, it is natural to suppose that their habits and methods would change to suit their altered circumstances. It is not astonishing that some of the historians who followed two or three centuries after Nephi should have modified—either through lack of skill or

design—the characters of ancient Egyptian in which the first records were made. Once begun, the evolution of our own written language will show how far such modification can be carried within a thousand years. At this point I beg to remind the reader that the Book of Mormon, as we now have it, or as Joseph Smith received it on the plates of gold, does not betray the successive steps which were taken in this modification. The first portion of the Book of Mormon was written by the hand of Nephi in hieratic Egyptian. The remaining portion consists of an abridgment made by Moroni of all the records kept by his predecessors, and of the conclusion appended to the record by Moroni's son, Moroni. Moroni and Moroni wrote the language which they called Reformed Egyptian, which was the language of Nephi after it had passed through the transitions of a thousand years. I do not know of any data available to us at this time which gives with any certainty the times or manners of these changes, further than as I have stated.

Several copies alleged to be *fac similies* of Reformed Egyptian are now in existence. Upon careful examination traces of hieratic Egyptian—the ancient written language of the Priesthood among the Nephites—the one in which Nephi wrote, are easily discernible. And yet there does not seem to be any very considerable similarity. I do not know how authentic these *fac similies* may be. It is possible that they are exact; but, without committing myself to a matter not yet proven, I venture to suggest to my readers that in all probability the alleged *fac similies* are the result of engravings made from copies, which copies, in their turn, possibly may have been taken from other copies; and that, when we remember through whose hands these things passed originally, and through whose hands some of them have since passed, we can reasonably allow something for unskillful copying and awkward engraving; if not something for the evil design of apostates, who have recently been producing these things in manifold. As I said, I do not venture to commit myself to any positive acceptance or rejection of these copies which purport to be *fac similies* of Reformed Egyptian. I have not been able to find any copy which bears any authoritative endorsement to prove its authenticity. I await the possible production of such a copy. In the meantime, we can look with some degree of interest to archaeological discovery to aid us upon this point, as it has conclusively proven our position concerning the ancient Egyptian and the Hebrew languages.

Half a century since, when men were scoffing at the assertion made in the Book of Mormon in relation to Egyptian and Hebrew, a howl of derision would have followed the statement that in fifty years' time incontestible evidence would be forthcoming regarding them. And yet that evidence has been produced. For one, I am willing to wait a little time to see this final point elucidated.

A recent unprincipled opponent of this work declares that Reformed Egyptian never could have been known; because no traces of it have been found. Without waiting for the discoveries, which will no doubt finally settle this point as distinctly as the other points have been settled, there is nothing in his assertion to entitle it to respect. We have seen that after two or three centuries of great increase and prosperity, during which the Nephites built magnificent cities and temples, which they adorned with sculptures, they were forced to frequent migration. This of itself is sufficient to account for the lack of inscriptions which would prove a modification of the priestly language. And if the Book of Mormon had been carefully studied by its opponents, I venture to say that they



would not have quoted this point so triumphantly. However, researches are becoming year by year more careful and extensive; and somewhere, before many years, I doubt not that remains of sculptured Reformed Egyptian will be found among ruins possibly much less magnificent and some centuries less ancient than those which Le Plongeon has discovered, bearing characters identical with hieratic Egyptian.

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

FOR some days it was a question whether the Edmunds-Tucker bill had become law or had died in the President's hands, through his not signing it. Subsequently it was apparent that the bill had become law by Constitutional limitation, without the President's signature. From what I can understand the non-"Mormons" were deeply agitated upon this subject. They were more excited concerning it than our people. The Latter-day Saints had committed their case to the Lord and were willing to abide the result, whatever it might be. Fervent prayers had gone up from every household and from every assemblage of the Saints to the God of heaven to defeat the measure that had been designed for the overthrow of His people. I have had much more faith in these prayers and in the devotion of the people to their religion, as shown in their attendance at fast day and other meetings, than I have had upon all the aid that we could get from outside sources; and the hopes of all the leading men have been greatly increased by witnessing the faithfulness of the people in attending to their duties.

But the bill, as I have said, has become law, and this fact had scarcely been made plain when the Brigham City election took place. Greatly to the disappointment of our enemies, the Latter-day Saints who could take the oath in that city, decided to do so. A close examination of the law satisfied them, as it did a great many others, that it could be taken without a sacrifice of principle. It had undoubtedly been prepared as a trap, into which, it was expected, the Latter-day Saints would walk.

Our enemies counted upon our integrity to principle. They had seen this exhibited so often that they appeared to have confidence the Saints would never do anything to violate their conscience. Notwithstanding the many lies they have told about us, they know they are lies, and they know that we are a people who are willing to suffer all things for the sake of those principles which we have espoused. They supposed this oath had been arranged in such a way that the Saints could not possibly take it without trenching upon their conscience.

It is, without doubt, a disgraceful thing to have an oath of this character on the statute book. But it does not say anything about belief, and this omission left it in a condition that men who are not living in the practice of plural marriage can take it without doing wrong to their faith. Our enemies seem now to have resigned themselves to the idea that their plot has failed and that they cannot wrest the control of the Territory from our people. They expect, however, to carry a few districts when the Territory shall be re-districted, and hope they will have a few members in the Legislature.

But the control of the Territory, which has been the chief object of their efforts, and for which they have been so long struggling, is not at the present time in their hands, and if our

people are true to themselves and take proper care, it is not likely to be. It will be an evil day for us when the control of this Territory goes into the hands of these malcontents. I sincerely hope that the faithfulness of our people in keeping the commandments of God and doing His will, will present any such a result coming upon us. Speaking of it naturally, as men speak of such matters, it would be most disastrous. It would be like turning a mob loose upon us. For not only would men living in plural marriage have to get up and leave, but such heavy burdens would be laid upon others of our faith that they would be almost, if not entirely, unbearable. We would become a subject class and occupy a position a kin to that occupied by the Chinese and the Indians. Once robbed of the franchise, history has proved that it is exceedingly difficult for a people ever to regain their station as free men. When a people are reduced to that condition, it takes a long period of time to bring about a revolution in their favor. Of course the Lord could soon restore it to us; but I feel that it is better, and easier for us to retain it by His help through our faith, than to regain it after it has been taken from us.

I earnestly hope and believe that the franchise will not be entirely taken from us. We may have a great many difficulties to meet, as we have had, but by pursuing the course which the Lord points out, we can contend with these difficulties and overcome them. It is a painful thing, in a land which has been so free as ours, for men to be compelled to take an oath of this kind in order to preserve their franchise. But how incomparably worse it would be to surrender our country into the hands of the villainous crew who are striving to get control! They hoped, by the enactment of this measure, to get us into that position, and were already rejoicing over the prospect of the great results they were going to accomplish in carrying out their schemes. The Lord, in His mercy, has disappointed them, and as Latter-day Saints we owe Him profound thanksgiving and gratitude for His goodness unto us.

PROMPTNESS IN DUTY.—"I have saved myself a great deal of trouble in my life," writes a practical man, "by always following this simple direction: When you have anything to do, do it." The trouble with the majority of people is that when they have something to do they don't do it, at least not at the right time. They wait and put off, especially if the duty is rather disagreeable, until fairly pressed into a corner and subjected to the greatest inconvenience for the want of it.

A young man in a large establishment in the city, received a commission one day to get out a vessel-load of cotton. It was his first commission of the sort, and he felt pleased to be trusted. He resolved to be especially prompt in the performance of it. So he engaged his carts and men over night, giving orders to have them on hand at an early hour. He attended to the business with so much energy and cheerfulness that he infused a like enthusiasm into his men. The business was finished with such dispatch that he had his bills all right and was at his customary post by ten o'clock, when his employer came in.

He looked at the young man a little severely, and asked if he did not request him to get out that load of cotton.

"I have, sir," was the reply, "and there are the bills."

Such promptness was not unrewarded. It was the young man's stepping stone to preferment and a large fortune. Don't take all day to do what might be finished in a few hours.

## The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 15, 1887.

### EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

**W**E wish we could talk to all our JUVENILES in such a way as to lead them to see the value of neatness in dress and in person. Some of them appear to think that without fine clothes they cannot appear to advantage. This is a mistake. We have seen ladies dressed in gingham or calico whose appearance was more attractive than that of others who wore silk, or satin, or velvet. We have also seen young men dressed in home-made cloth who appeared to better advantage than others who wore fine broadcloth.

There is much in the way clothes are worn, in the care that is taken of them and in the carriage of the wearer. In girls this is especially the case. Every person of taste, expects girls and young women to be neat and clean in their dress and in their persons. A woman may have her fingers covered with rings and her wrists adorned with the finest bracelets and wear diamonds in her ears, but if her ears be grimy, her hands dirty, or her finger-nails unclean, she will disgust those of good taste who notice them.

Of all people Latter-day Saints should be the most cleanly and particular in caring for their bodies, for the reason that no people have had the same light given to them in regard to their bodies and their value. Many people in the world look upon their bodies as a burden, and they think when they die they part with them forever. Not so with us. We expect our bodies to be resurrected and to become immortal and eternal; hence, we should view them as a most precious part of ourselves. In fact, our bodies are given to us by our God, that through them, if properly cared for and made obedient to eternal laws, we may receive a fullness of joy and obtain a most exalted glory.

Girls may be poor, but they can be cleanly; they may not have very fine dresses, but they can be neat and give evidence of tasteful care. Water is abundant in this country, and there is no need to go dirty for the want of it. Children should be taught to use it freely, and when they have finished any work that has soiled either hands or face, they should be taught to wash themselves, to clean their finger-nails and to appear to the best advantage possible. It is not necessary that they should be vain or proud to do this.

We have seen young ladies, without anything on their heads to protect their hair, sweeping out rooms in the midst of a cloud of dust. We have seen others who were so careful, that before attempting to create a dust by sweeping or any employment of the kind, they would carefully cover their hair, so that no dust could lodge in it.

Which, do you think, evinced the most judgment?

God has given to women many attractions, but where there is a want of cleanliness they are all spoiled. A girl may have a beautiful head of hair, but if she allows it to collect dust, to be dishevelled and uncombed, it makes a bad impression upon all who see her, and she is apt to be looked upon as slovenly

and perhaps idle and good-for-nothing. A neat, well-kept head of hair is an ornament to a girl or a woman, and it should be simply and tastefully arranged and in a style to set off the head to the best advantage.

The custom of wearing bangs is a bad one. If people did not tolerate it for fashion's sake, it would be considered disgusting. We have seen bangs worn in a way that would almost lead one to think the object the wearer had in view was to imitate the Indian squaw's style. In other instances they are frizzled to look like an imitation of the curly hair of the negress. There is no good reason why a girl should conceal her forehead by combing her hair over it. If the Lord had intended it to be covered with hair, He would doubtless have permitted it to grow there; but it, like the rest of a woman's face, is bare, and where the hair is properly worn, the forehead adds to the beauty of the face.

Boys should also take care of their appearance. Neat, cleanly habits, formed in boyhood and youth, qualify those who have them, to mingle with ease in society. When they grow to manhood, if they go on missions, they are not under the necessity of changing and forming new habits; they merely do as they always have done—are cleanly and particular with their dress and persons. The advantage there is in acquiring correct habits on these points, every one who has had experience well understands.

### AN HOUR A DAY.

**T**HERE was once a young lad apprenticed to a soap boiler in England, who resolved to read an hour every day in some useful book. He had an old silver watch bequeathed him by his uncle, and this he used to time himself. He served an apprenticeship of seven years, and during all that time had kept up his practice. Though a poor working boy, his master said that when his time was out he was as well informed as the young squire who had enjoyed every advantage for improvement. And all had come through that hour a day of good reading. Just cipher it out and you will find that in the seven years he would have had nearly a year of study, which was quite long enough to make up a handsome store of knowledge.

Now if the boy had given his spare hours to reading trashy stories, such as the papers of the day are full of he would have been much worse off than if he had just sat still and done nothing. There might be a chance then that he would think of something sensible and improving. But there is no improvement in that sort of reading. It is only evil, and that continually.

Read good reading, the very best at your command, and take a regular time for it, where that is possible. But it is not simply skimming over pages that will increase your stores of learning. You might do this for six hours a day and yet gain nothing. You would not think you had accomplished much if you had only got over two pages in the whole hour. But it might be time most profitably spent if you had thoroughly mastered every thought in it, and printed them indelibly on your memory. Even one paragraph thus gained would do you more good than pages of rapid reading which was forgotten as soon as the book was put on the shelf.

Whatever you read make it thoroughly your own. Master the ground you go over if you must take it inch by inch. Slow readers in general, are the only ones who gather much information from what they read.



## SITE OF ANCIENT CARTHAGE.

**SITUATED** on a small peninsula which extends into a bay of the Mediterranean Sea on the north coast of Africa is the site of one of the greatest cities of antiquity, Carthage. Our illustration shows the village of Sidi Bu-Said which is built upon the elevated head-land of the peninsula below and about which the noted city of ancient times stood.

There is a legend to the effect that Carthage was founded about nine hundred years before the Christian Era by Dido, a Phœnician queen, who had to flee from her native city, Tyre, in order to save her life, but it is more probable that its origin and growth may properly be attributed to the enterprise of the merchants of Tyre who established ports here for their ships because of the convenience of its situation.

Reliable history concerning its growth is unfortunately lacking, and even after it had attained great power and magnificence legends were so intermixed with truth that it is almost impossible to separate facts from fiction. Before its destruction the number of inhabitants exceeded seven hundred thousand, and some idea of the former grandeur of the city is now obtained by the excavations and discoveries of late years. On a plateau just outside the city the early Tyrian colonists excavated their tombs and afterwards on the same spot was erected the citadel of Byrsa. Remains of walls, some of which are still sixteen feet high, have been discovered on the steepest side of the rock of Byrsa. Some of these walls are thirty-three feet thick, and on their flat tops is sufficient room for six chariots to pass abreast. At regular distances along the wall recesses have been constructed which doubtless served as store-houses and retreats for the soldiery. The whole of this has now become as firm as the solid rock.

Other valuable remains of this once noted city have been destroyed by the neighboring peoples, who, it is said, "had no other quarry than Carthage. The Arabs are as industrious as moles in undermining the ground; they proceed beneath it by subterranean passages, and follow along the walls which they demolish and carry away without thinking of what they are destroying." The Italians, too, are charged with procuring from this place the building materials for their own edifices, and tradition claims that the city of Pisa is constructed of marbles brought from this city.

The cisterns built by the ancient inhabitants as reservoirs for the water which they often brought long distances, are still in a high state of preservation, and it is not improbable that these will be entirely restored so as to provide an unfailing source of supply for the people who reside at no great distance from them.

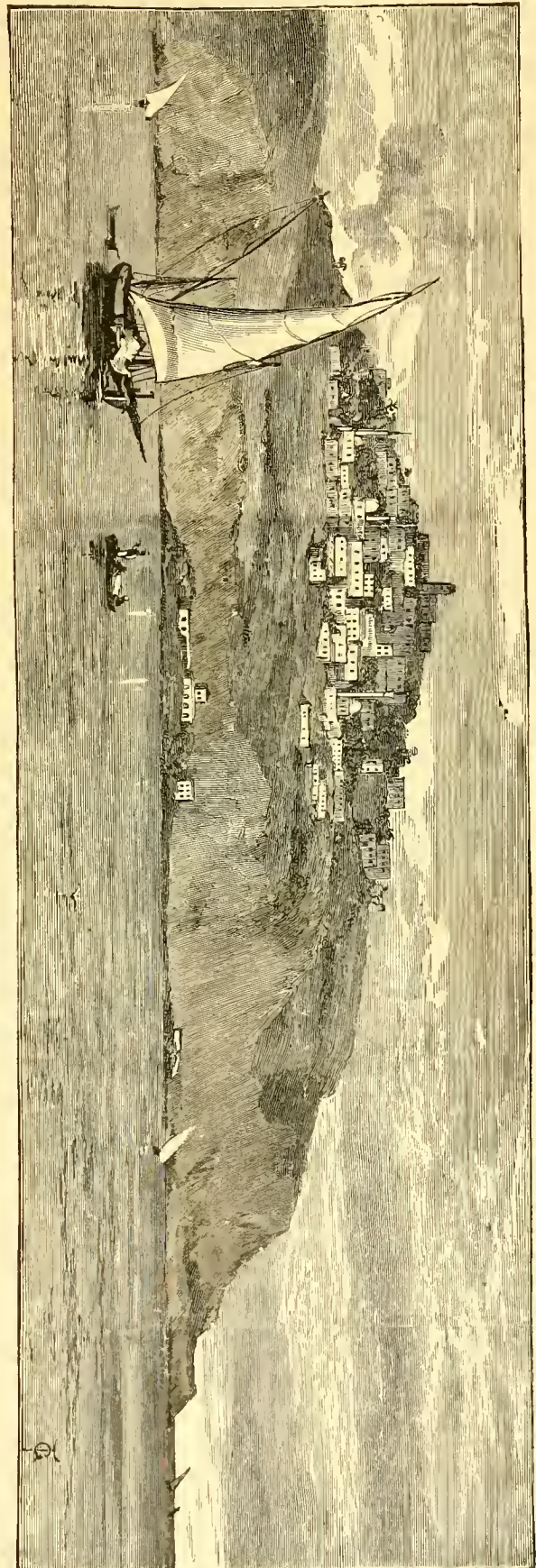
The ports of Carthage would be almost worthless in our day, for while they were of sufficient depth for the galleys of olden times, the ships of modern construction would be stranded in the harbors. A new and valuable harbor could, however, be made at no very great cost,

The circumference of the old city exceeded sixteen miles all of which has now come into the possession of the church, and a few houses and several religious edifices now mark the spot where anciently so many interesting and thrilling scenes were enacted.

The Carthaginians not only possessed this great city but a large tract of country had also come under their rule on the same side of the Mediterranean as their place of residence.

Their maritime power had also enabled them to make conquests on the opposite side of the sea.

SIDI BU-SAID AND THE SITE OF ANCIENT CARTHAGE.





A curious story is related concerning the manner in which the boundary line was fixed between the ancient Carthaginians and their neighbors, the Cyrenians. Fleet runners were to be selected from each of these peoples who were to start from their respective territories at the same time, and the spot they met was to be recognized as the dividing line. The runners from Carthage, the brothers Phikeni, however, by some unfair means gained an advantage in the race which forced them to choose between death and another contest. They chose the former and were buried alive under the stone erected to designate the common boundary of the two states. This spot therefore became hallowed for the Carthaginians.

The wars of this people with the Romans and others, among which are some of the most noted of ancient times, are too numerous to mention. The decline and present condition of great Carthage prove to us how insecure are the things of life, how easily the works of man, noble and grand though they are, can be destroyed and obliterated by the great Ruler who permits nations and powers to spring into existence, perform their works and then give place to others that the plans of the Creator may be fulfilled and His purposes accomplished.

### BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

**B**ETWEEN the rivers Inn and Iser, in Bavaria, one of the German States, there is a large tract of sombre firs and pines, similar in many respects to the Black Forest of Wurtemberg. The trees grow thick and luxuriant, and tangling masses of vines and undergrowth render the region dark and gloomy. Near the center, on one of the great roads cut through from Munich, is the little village of Hohenlinden, celebrated as the scene of one of the most terrible battles the blood-drenched soil of Europe ever witnessed.

France was at war with the confederated powers of Europe. The rising greatness of Napoleon Bonaparte had been made manifest to the world. He had crossed the Alps, and vanquished the Austrians at the great battle of Marengo, surmounting obstacles hitherto deemed beyond the power of man to accomplish; scattering his enemies as the whirlwind scatters chaff, and his name had gone forth to the four quarters of the globe as the monarch of military chieftains.

Moreau, the military rival of Napoleon, commanded the magnificent French army on the Rhine, near the confines of Germany. Long rows of white tents, with hosts of ambulance wagons, horses, cannon, and all the paraphernalia of war, formed the grand picture of the busy camp. The third of December, 1800, was a day long to be remembered. The night set in with storm and gloom, and thousands had beheld the sun for the last time. Calling his aides about him, the brave Moreau ordered a rapid movement, hoping thereby to take the Austrian army, then only a few miles distant, by surprise, and gain a decisive victory. In a few moments 60,000 men were in motion.

The great clocks upon the tall spires of Munich had just tolled forth in solemn cadence the hour of midnight. The resistless storm swept through the black forest like a raging hurricane, as though God looked down in anger upon the moving hosts. Already the snow was deep upon the ground, and falling so rapidly that it blinded the faces and almost smothered the advancing legions. The sombre evergreens, in sheltered localities, were bowed down beneath the weight of Winter's white frozen mantle, while the timber in the more

exposed positions on the hillsides waved their naked branches and moaned amid the roaring gale. It seemed hard to start out in such a night, but their general had promised them an easy victory, and they faced the cruel tempest with courage and determination.

At the same time, the Austrian army, 70,000 strong, commanded by the Archduke John, was marching upon *them* for a similar purpose. Each was ignorant of the designs of the other, and had chosen the same hour of this dark night of wind and storm to surprise and vanquish their adversaries. Suddenly the heads of the two advancing columns met. Each had surprised the other! The silence of astonishment for a moment reigned, and then a scene of confusion began. In an instant the red blaze of artillery belched forth, and the forest shook beneath the mighty thunders of battle.

Now commenced such as the world has seldom witnessed. With all the fury of maddened desperation one hundred and thirty thousand combatants hurled themselves upon each other. In the darkness of the night each judged of the other's position by the flashes of their guns, and fired accordingly. Soon many divisions were intermingled in inextricable confusion. The blaze of musketry and artillery lit up the gloomy forest at times almost to the pitch of noonday, instantaneously disclosing a scene of horror and carnage well calculated to make the stoutest heart tremble with terror. Great masses of smoke rolled up over the storm-beaten forest, as if to cover the cruel work with a pall, and shut out the awful carnage from the all-seeing eye of an offended God. As the blinding glare blazed forth, thousands were seen with powder-blackened faces, and enveloped in clouds of sulphurous smoke, rushing upon each other with bloody sword and dripping bayonet, like imps of the infernal regions. The crash of falling trees, the ring and clash of steel as sword struck sword and bayonet crossed bayonet; the rattling of musketry, the yell of charging squadrons, the roll of drums and burst of martial music, mingled with the deafening roar of artillery, caused the very ground to quake. Above all rose the shrieks and screams of the wounded and dying, falling by thousands beneath the demoniacal fury of mankind. The snow was trampled and crimsoned with gore, and heaps of men and horses lay slaughtered in every direction. Along the dark ravines thousands lay weltering in blood, rolled up in garments and blankets saturated with gore, there to moan and freeze, while the tide of life ebbed away, crimsoning the snow about them; with no one near to hand them a cup of water, to smooth their lowly pillow, or to carry the last dying message to loving friends, never more to be seen on earth.

"O, who the woes of war can tell,  
And paint its terrors true and well?"

As morning dawned they were more furious, and the fearful conflict appeared to deepen. Advancing and retreating squadrons dashed over the blood-stained field, striking right and left, with sword and saber, while cannon balls ploughed their ranks and strewed the ground with heaps of slain. Over these they rushed like demons of destruction, regardless of the shrieks of the wounded who lay helpless, and pleading for mercy, as their bones were crushed beneath the iron hoofs of chargers, or the ponderous wheels of heavy guns.

At length the Austrian army began slowly to give way. It was a proud moment to the weary Frenchmen. The bugle sounded the charge, and the army of Moreau dashed forward with redoubled energy to conclude the bloody scene. A moment more, during which the very powers of hades seemed



let loose, and the contest was decided. The French had gained the victory, and the Austrians were in full retreat, leaving twenty-five thousand killed, wounded and prisoners behind them. One hundred pieces of artillery, with an immense number of horses, wagons, and munitions of war, fell into the hands of the victors.

The vanquished Austrians rushed in dismay down the valley of the Danube, followed by the victorious French, who rained an incessant shower of balls and shells into their shattered and retreating ranks, and paused not until they stood within thirty miles of Vienna. Terms of adjustment were soon agreed upon, and hostilities ceased. The power of the confederated nations was broken, and Europe rested in peace.

The morning after this decisive struggle, the dark forest presented a scene that humanity shudders to contemplate. The timber and undergrowth were rent and twisted as though by a hurricane; and the bodies of nearly twenty thousand torn and mangled soldiers lay cold and silent in the trampled and blood-stained snow. In places they were literally piled in heaps; and where a spark of life remained, the groans of agony, as they faintly whispered of the far distant home and the little family circle they would never see again, was enough to draw tears from hearts of stone. The wail of widows and orphans went up from ten thousand agonized homes, and half the nations of Europe were plunged in mourning. Such is war. Truly it is the trade of barbarians. Its horrors no tongue can tell, no pen describe. What an awful load rests upon the instigators of the deadly strife! We forbear to dwell longer upon the awful scene of blood. Let us ask the recording angel to look down in pity, and with a tear blot out the dark record from the memory of heaven.

### HOW TO START.

A GREAT many young people are anxious to improve themselves in general literature, and especially in matters of history, but the field appears so wide they are discouraged at the outset. So, many content themselves with learning nothing, because they cannot learn everything.

Settle this one fact well in your mind: The wisest in the world gained all his knowledge grain by grain, just as the little sparrow picks its food. No one ever gathered the whole grain field at a swoop. Be content to begin small, but be thorough in all you undertake.

It is a peculiar fact, in an old college library with which I was well acquainted, that the *first* volume of Rollin's Ancient History had been re-bound a number of times. The other volumes were about as fresh as when they left the bookseller's shelves. So many young men had set out with great enthusiasm to read up on history, and had attacked the first volume of Rollin's with ardor; but the zeal always waned before the first volume was completed, and the second was rarely taken down.

Now, a better way for most young people is to take some topic, in which they by any means chance to be interested, and then search through all available sources for light on the subject. The name of some general who commanded in the Revolution will open a wide field. While looking up his history, and tracing out his career, a good outline of the man and times in which he lived will be gained. These, too, will naturally lead us to cross the seas and learn who ruled and reigned in the mother country at the time we gained our freedom.

So, too, if a name in classic history meets the eye when reading, stop for a time, the longer the better, and find out all you can about the one who bore the name. Make it a rule to hunt up information at all convenient opportunities, and you will soon have the delightful consciousness of feeling that you are really learning and knowing something.

### THE WORD OF WARNING.

A LAME man may point out the right road, though he is unable to walk in it himself. So a man often gives sound advice to others, which he will not, even if he can, follow himself.

A young man once displayed, with much satisfaction, to an old card-player, a new pack of handsome cards, which he had just bought, expecting to have them duly admired. The skillful player turned them over in his hand a moment, and then said: "Shall I tell you the very best thing you can do with them?"

"Yes," said the other.

"Put them in the fire?" The young man was struck with such advice from such a source, and followed it, and he never had any cause to regret his course.

When Dr. Paley was a youth at college, he fell into dissipated habits, which, of course, led to idleness and poor scholarship. One morning, a rich student of similar tastes, came into his room and said:

"Paley, I have been thinking what a fool you are. I have the means to be dissipated, but you can't afford it. I can never make anything if I try. You are capable of rising to eminence, and I was so impressed with the truth of this, that it kept me awake all night. I have come to solemnly admonish you."

The young man listened with astonishment, and it proved the turning point in his life. He devoted himself with ardor to his studies, and became one of the leading minds of his own and after ages.

It was a mistake of the one who warned him that he could not reform as well as Paley, but it was something that he made an effort to save his friend.

We should be glad of help and warnings that may tend to put us on the right road, from whatever source they come, and gratitude should lead us in turn to confer similar benefits on others. The example of others should of itself be a warning to every one entering on an evil way.

THE GARDENER'S LESSON.—Two gardeners had their crops of peas killed by the frost. One of them was very impatient under the loss, and fretted about it very much. The other went patiently to work at once to plant a new crop. After a while the impatient, fretting man went to his neighbor. To his surprise, he found another crop of peas growing finely. He asked how this could be.

"These are what I sowed while you were fretting," said his neighbor.

"But don't you ever fret?" he asked.

"Yes, I do; but I put it off till I have repaired the mischief that has been done."

"Why, then, you have no need to fret at all."

"True," said his friend, "and that's the reason I put it off."

## THE RESURRECTION.

## The Death and Resurrection of Christ.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

(Continued from page 99.)

WE continue the scriptural evidences of Christ's corporeal resurrection with an extract from the sixteenth Psalm. "For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption." Peter on the day of Pentecost applied this prophecy expressly to Jesus. It contains an inspired declaration that the Almighty would not permit the body of Jesus to see corruption, that is, be disintegrated, or reduced to its original elements, which signifies the same as "to see corruption."

Now, if not resurrected, where is the body of Jesus and why is it kept intact? No mortal eye ever saw that blessed form in its lifeless state after it was deposited in Joseph's tomb. Is it bleaching somewhere in the desert places of Palestine, exposed to the pitiless rays of the sun? Is it buried in the bowels of the earth awaiting a purification by fire in common with the elements of this earth? Is it preserved as a mummy in heaven? No, instinctively our spirits recoil from any and every supposition which negatives the idea that Christ's body is not preserved for the most practical uses. In fact it shall again serve the same definite purpose that it has already done, viz: convince the unbelieving that Jesus is the Christ.

Zachariah tells us much of the great and final battle at Jerusalem; and of the overthrow of the nations who fight against it. The issue will be decided by a mighty work which Jesus performs in behalf of the Jews, as He stands upon the Mount of Olives. But what will be their astonishment, when they are about to fall at the feet of their friend and acknowledge Him as the long expected Messiah, they discover the wounds which were once made in His hands, feet, and side, and on inquiry learn their Deliverer is the long rejected Jesus of Nazareth. Read the prophets for confirmation of these statements.

Now, the crucified and preserved body of Jesus will be *there*, and *used*. It will clothe the Divine spirit of Jesus as it did during the days of His earthly existence, or else the appeal to it to prove the identity of the great Deliverer with the crucified Christ, is illogical and nonsensical.

But suppose the germ theory (selected among others for illustration merely.) of Christ's resurrection were true; how awkward it would be to have *two bodies* as Christ must have. And what shall we say of a theory which necessitates *death* or dissolution, as often as occasion may require His spirit to leave one of the bodies, and take up its abode in the other.

Let Christians, who attempt to explain Christ's resurrection by the adoption of any theory that denies His literal bodily revivification veil their faces in shame because of the awkward, nonsensical, or impossible difficulties which such hypotheses involve. If Jesus can reanimate His body upon the grand occasion of the deliverance of the Jews, He could do it nineteen hundred years ago.

It would be a weary task to refute all the objections founded on scripture, which infidels urge against the doctrine of Christ's corporeal resurrection, but we will notice one which is embodied in the following quotation: "We have ample evidence that the belief in Christ's resurrection was very early and very general among the disciples, but we have not the direct testimony of any one of the twelve, nor of any eye-witness at all, that they saw Him on earth after His death. Many writers say

"*He was seen*";—no one says, *I saw Him alive in the flesh.*" *Greg.*

Our author says this and cognate facts deserve "weighty consideration." Replying we say:

1. The narrative of Christ's life, crucifixion and resurrection is recorded in the usual style of historical writers. Now, had three or four of the sacred penmen testified to *one* particular event, in a manner manifestly in contradistinction to their ordinary style of recording events, that fact would supply Mr. Greg with *prima facie* evidence of collusion between all such writers: The sacred record is far more defensible as it stands.

2. The admission that the belief in Christ's resurrection was very early and very general in the church is fatal to Mr. Greg's cause. The resurrection of Jesus was an extraordinary event, and nothing short of extraordinary proof could induce an early and general belief in it. Such an early and general belief could not originate from insufficient or contradictory evidence.

3. The last chapter of John's gospel records an equivalent affirmation to that demanded in the quotation. Several of the disciples of Jesus,—the apostle John among the number, were fishing. While thus engaged Jesus appeared, and ate bread and fish with them. "This" says John himself, "is now the third time that Jesus showed himself to his disciples: *after that He was risen from the dead. This is the disciple which testified of these things, and wrote these things; and we know that His testimony is true.*" (verses 14, 24.)

When confronted with direct testimony of this character, an infidel, if at all "posted," will deny the genuineness of the text. Competent authority, however, assures us no good reason exists for expunging the twenty-first chapter of St. John's gospel from the Bible.

Peter, who also saw Christ on the occasion just referred to, distinctly affirms the resurrection of Jesus, and His existence in heaven, (*1 Pet. iii, 21, 22.*) "The like figure wherunto even baptism doth also now save us, (not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God,) by the resurrection of Jesus Christ: Who is gone into heaven, and is on the right hand of God."

The proper tactics for our opponents, in this instance, is to claim a "spiritual revivification," which they affirm the context implies. But we have elsewhere shown that a "spiritual revivification" in the apparent sense of the term is an impossibility.

St. Paul says: *1 Cor. xv, 3-8.* "For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures; and that He was buried, and that *He rose again* the third day according to the scriptures; and that He was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve; after that, He was seen of above five hundred brethren at once. \* \* After that, He was seen of James, then of all the apostles. And last of all *He was seen of me also.*"

To attack, *a la mode*, this statement of the apostle in which he affirms that he personally saw Jesus, an extensive familiarity with Webster is requisite. It is stated that Paul saw Jesus, subjectively, mentally, apparitionally, spiritually, in a vision, etc., etc., consequently the apostle could not have seen Him as a tangible being at all.

But, it is evident that those who thus attack Paul's affirmation, assume that he referred to the occasion of his conversion where Jesus appeared to him in a "heavenly vision," as he himself afterward characterized the manifestation.

The assumption lacks proof, and until that is furnished, Webster may be laid aside. Paul was a man highly favored of God, while in the temple at Jerusalem he obtained a view



of Jesus (See *Acts, xxii.*) We are informed (*II Cor. xii.*) that this same apostle was caught up into the third heaven, and heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful to utter. Had he used his eyes at all upon that occasion, he could have seen Jesus; *for there is where He dwells.* Paul might refer to what he then saw. Again he might have seen Jesus on some occasion of which mention is not made. The account of all that the apostles did, said, and saw, is not recorded in the New Testament.

But, suppose Paul never did see Jesus in any other manner than by vision, or spiritually. Must we infer therefore that the apostle could not see Him in a tangible, spiritualized body of flesh and bones. If we understand our opponents' position, they affirm that Paul in spirit, saw Jesus as a spirit. If less than this he intended his *vision* was *imagination* merely. Now, since spirits can see spirits, we conclude rationally that spirits can see spirits, or, to express the conclusion in other words—can see spiritual substances like Christ's spiritualized body. If spirits can not, and do not see, then heaven itself must be peopled with the *blind*. Were the infidel insinuation true, the conclusion in the following syllogism would be incontrovertible, spirits can not see; God is a spirit; therefore God cannot see.

The subject of the resurrection of Jesus has been given a prominent place in this discussion: for if it be proven that He rose from the dead, with a tangible corporeity of flesh and bones; the like resurrection of the human family is assured; for the resurrection of Jesus is set forth definitely in scripture as the *pledge* and *pattern* of ours.

(To be Continued.)

## DEATH OF AN OLD FRIEND.

BY NEWAYGO.

IN numbers 16, 19 and 21 of volume XXI of the INSTRUCTOR, some account is given of experiences had by Dr. Emil Holub in his courageous explorations of South Africa. I trust that our Juveniles will read the latest news concerning the brave young doctor, with the regret which his intrepidity and self-sacrifice demand.

Word has come from Cape Town, under date of February 10, 1887, as follows:

"Traders from the interior report that the explorer, Dr. Emil Holub, his wife, and the entire party accompanying him, have been massacred by the natives."

If this report be true, and unfortunately there is no reason to doubt it; the world has to mourn the loss of an explorer not less devoted than Livingstone and certainly more unselfish and modest than Stanley—even if his work was not as great as that of either of these explorers.

Emil Holub was a Bohemian, educated as a physician. In his early youth he determined to visit Africa and devote some years to exploration. He was an accomplished naturalist; and looked forward with a great but reasonable hope to a systematic study of the flora and ethnology of the Dark Continent. Just as he was entering upon manhood, he received his diploma as a physician, and then he felt himself free to act. Poor and unknown, he went to his task. He applied to various scientific societies of Europe for aid; but he was denied by all. The enthusiasm of the obscure youth was not contag-

ious. It only drew upon him the contempt of the learned professors and the rich patrons of conservative science. Undaunted, he departed alone and unheralded to his work.

After several notable adventures—one of which was his being washed overboard from his ship and nearly drowned—he landed at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, in 1872. He had a sum of money equal to \$15 of our coin in his pockets; an exploring outfit with supplies would cost many thousand dollars: and yet he never thought of despairing. He determined to seek the diamond fields and there practice his profession, until he could secure the necessary means for the fulfillment of his project. The overland journey from Port Elizabeth was a trying one. It exhausted his money. He entered Kimberley, in the diamond fields, penniless, barefooted, his clothes in tatters, and himself without an acquaintance. His pluck conquered his evil fortune; and, in a few months, he was enjoying a most lucrative practice.

During the ensuing five years, he made three trips of exploration into the unknown interior and succeeded in obtaining extensive and valuable collections of botanical specimens and ethnographical data. The third journey of this series was begun in 1875, and lasted nearly two years. It carried the doctor through all the Bechuana kingdoms and the empire of the Marutse.

At the conclusion of this labor, he returned to Europe; and with the tireless activity which characterized him, he brought his unrivalled collections into notice, while he himself was writing voluminous and invaluable reports of his scientific investigations and a large book descriptive of his wanderings. Geographical and scientific societies then vied with each other in doing him honor; and they tendered him unlimited amounts of money for the continuance of his projected labors.

While he was writing and arranging in Europe the results of his great African work, he married a most charming and estimable young lady, ambitious and highly educated. Mrs. Holub shared her husband's hopes and gave him hourly encouragement. She expressed a decided wish to accompany him on his ensuing exploration; and in 1884 or 1885 Dr. Holub and his wife departed from Europe for Africa, under the auspices of the Vienna Geographical Society. Their exploring equipment cost not less than \$25,000; that sum having been raised without difficulty upon the simple request of the doctor, whose former petition for a few hundreds had met with nothing but sneers. Such a wonderful thing is success. Dr. Holub had shown the scientific world already that he was able to explore without its help and hence the universal anxiety to aid him. A man who wants the assistance of the rich must first show that he can get along without it, and then it comes in a flood.

The doctor's plan was to traverse the entire continent of Africa from south to north—entering at Cape Town and emerging at some point on the Egyptian shore of the Mediterranean sea. This trip was to occupy probably four years and was intended to solve several vexed questions relating to African geography.

Until the sad news of the massacre was received, the last message brought to the civilized world from Dr. Holub was substantially as follows:

He was some distance north of "The Large River," the Loeambye or Zambesi, and was making good progress northward. He hoped to explore the sources of the Congo and to decide the interesting question whether the Congo or Lake Chad receives the waters of the Welle-Makua. The doctor's

wife was in perfect health and spirits; but he was suffering from the effect of the climate.

In all probability the brave doctor and his noble wife were murdered by some one of the jealous and blood-thirsty tribes inhabiting the dark regions near the head waters of the Congo.

They deserve remembrance.

## A SEVERE LESSON.

BY O. B. HUNTINGTON.

ONE fine Saturday of last July, five of the boys of my Sunday School class, named Ernest, Wallace, Myron, Arus and Jesse, accompanied by another boy, Guy, went into the canyon for a Sunday holiday. This was very wrong and in violation of God's holy law.

Wallace's father forbade him taking a gun with him which sadly disappointed the boy, and in order to be obedient he left the gun, but gave a neighbor ten cents for the use of a navy pistol to take along. This was unknown to his father. Ernest, knowing what Wallace's father had decided, hid a gun in the wagon unknown to any one until far on the journey of twelve or fourteen miles.

Sunday morning came and the young adventurers were alone in the wild canyon and two of them well armed. These were the hunters and they resolved to have a wild chicken for breakfast. So off they went down the canyon. They kept hunting for their hens until they had gone two and one-half miles towards home. Here game was found. Ernest fired his gun and wounded one hen but had to go to Wallace for powder to reload.

Wallace had his revolver cocked and was trying to get to shoot when Ernest came up directly in front of the muzzle of the weapon and demanded powder; in their wild excitement and joy, the pistol was accidentally discharged. Ernest remarked: "Wallace you have shot me."

At first Wallace could not comprehend the fact, but on seeing the blood became conscious that something was wrong. On examination he found a bullet hole in Ernest's breast a little below the right nipple and one in his back proving that the bullet had passed quite through the body.

Ernest now began to feel very numb and blind and sat down on a large stone while Wallace pulled off his coat for him, and helping him a few steps to a shady place at the side of the road laid him carefully down, as he feared to die. He placed his own coat under his head and spread the other over him. Then they both thought an administration would be good, so Wallace knelt down by the side of his poor, bleeding comrade, laid his hands upon his head and prayed to our Heavenly Father "to heal him for their parents' sake." Very short, plain, and earnest was his prayer—unselfish and penitent—not more for their own sake than for their parents whom they had deceived and disobeyed. God heard that honest supplication and gave each a testimony that the wounded one should live, and as soon as his comrade's hands were removed Ernest received his sight and said, "Wallace I am all right now—I shall get well."

Wallace said, "yes, I know it."

As no time was to be lost, Wallace removed his shoes and socks, threw aside his hat and started for camp on the run, and did not stop running until he got to camp, except once,

when he fell down in the creek. When his comrades saw him coming in that condition, they remarked in a merry mood, "the bears are after him," but on hearing of the sad misfortune were the most excited group ever seen in that canyon.

When all were at the place of disaster, Jesse and Guy were dispatched on foot to carry the sad news to their parents; while the remaining three were to care for the wounded one and bring him along in the wagon as best they could. But the motion of the wagon hurt him and he complained considerably until they feared he would die before they could get him home; so they concluded to do as their fathers would have done had they been there—they stopped the wagon, gathered around the poor, bleeding, groaning, and for aught they knew dying boy, and laid their hands upon his head and prayed such a prayer, as only penitent and sorrowful boys can pray. Then they moved on, all feeling sure he would live, and their confidence in God was increased when they found that Ernest could ride and made very little complaint, although the road grew rougher.

When the news reached Ernest's father, he was at his post of duty in the Sunday School, and when he met his Ernest with a carriage it was only two and one-half miles from where he was shot.

On the following day, Monday, I was early at the bed-side of the wounded boy. He could talk easily but towards evening grew more restless and after I had gone he enquired for me and wanted me to come and lay my hands upon him, as the gospel directs, for the healing of the sick. All that night he gradually grew worse, and when I went to see him there was a large number of solemn looking bystanders outside the house and only those within who were needed.

The father said to me that Ernest had called for me to come and lay hands on him and if I had any faith he would be glad to have me do so, but I would please excuse him from the ceremony, for he did not think it right to administer when he had no faith, and he was frank to acknowledge that he had none whatever. He felt that if the boy lived God must raise him as if from the dead.

After administering to him, my faith all left me and I sat down by the bedside and kept the flies from him for four hours, expecting every moment to see him die. The surgeon was there most of the time and I asked him if the boy could last much longer. He replied that he was surprised he did not go two hours before. The doctor and I went away soon after.

The boy, Guy, that morning suddenly received an impression, an assurance, contrary to his previous doubts, that Ernest would live, and about the time the doctor and I left, Guy took a notion that he must go and see Ernest. On the way he found three of the boys that were in the canyon, and they all went around to the back part of the house and Guy entered: the mother of Ernest, seeing him asked, if he believed that Ernest would get well.

He replied that he had believed it since eleven o'clock that morning. She invited him and the other boys, Myron, her own son, Arus and Wallace to come in and pray for Ernest if they had any faith.

They all entered and spectators were excluded. The doors were shut and around the wounded boy his four comrades bowed their hearts and heads while upon Ernest's head they laid their hands, and one of the number, breathed aloud a short, plain, fervent and effectual prayer to the God of heaven, to spare their comrade. That prayer has been answered for Ernest still lives.



Ernest is again an active member of my Sunday School class, and a calm, attentive one too. It is but a few Sundays since, that the superintendent of the Sunday School had him in the stand, talking to the school of three or four hundred pupils. His lesson, severe though it was, taught him obedience, respect for the Sabbath and many other duties which perhaps might have remained unlearned but for this accident.

Soon after he got up on his feet, and while his lung was sloughing or discharging freely, he coughed up several pieces of his shirt that were driven into the lung with the bullet—one piece I saw, showed the cross threads of the cloth, warp and filling, and the blue color.

## THOUGHTS UPON PRIMARY TEACHING.

*An Essay by Miss Ella Nebeker, of the Nineteenth Ward Sunday School, read before the Sunday School Union of Salt Lake Stake, March 7, 1887.*

"As the twig is bent so the tree inclines."

**P**ROFICIENCY does not mean essentially to be intellectual, but includes practicability as well. It is the practical use to which we put our abilities that is favored with success.

All intelligent teaching is based upon the knowledge of faculties, powers and propensities; and a successful Primary Teacher should possess broad views, and have a knowledge of a great many things.

We have attention, memory, imagination, etc., that are called faculties; we have honor and justice which are called moral powers; then we have passions, these, while they are faculties, are called animal propensities; and all are executed at the proper time and in the proper season in performing the duties of the important branches of education.

The faculty called attention, the foundation of primary teaching, may be properly termed the door-keeper to the mind, and by its exercise the mind is held in readiness to receive impressions.

One of the greatest objects in primary teaching, after we have first acquired the attention of the child, is to be enabled to present that upon which we wish to instruct him in a profitable manner so that the greatest good may be realized. This is accomplished only in the use of words that are adapted to the capacity of the child's mind; and in the use of plain, simple figures of illustration which he can adapt to his own understanding, otherwise our labor will be in vain; for to use language that is not understood is attended with no beneficial results whatever.

The difficulty experienced in acquiring the attention of children is due to their inability to comprehend what is said; hence the necessity of presenting our ideas in a plain and simple way. It is often said that the attention of a child once gained, the rest is comparatively easy. This in the abstract may be true, but it is really just where the burden begins. It is then when the discretionary power of the teacher is exerted to know just what to do or say to make his discourse productive of good.

To relate anecdotes is a very good way of retaining the attention of a child; and if facts, which they should be, and have a moral to them, they are productive of much good. They should be told in as pleasing a style as possible, and so that the moral is continually before the mind of the child, that

he may get clear ideas, otherwise the picture will be conveyed to the mind in a vague way that will have a wrong effect and our labor is in vain.

In relating narratives the faculty of the mind called imagination, the mother of invention, is cultivated. When a child cannot form imaginative pictures in his mind by this means the teacher may know that he is not understood, and must proceed, at once, to change the method of expression to suit the capacity of the child; else he will not make any headway with his pupil. In view of that, a teacher should have narratives in reserve so that all his instructions may be illustrated.

To ask questions will also gain the attention of children and at the same time cultivate their judgment and reasoning faculties. If they answer promptly, they will have to decide readily, thereby bringing into action their judgment; and, if the teacher sees fit to go further and ask upon what their questions are based, the reasoning powers will be cultivated.

In conclusion, I will say, being reminded of the ever true maxim, "Example is better than precept," in moulding the minds and forming the characters of children, a teacher of the young must set a worthy example before his pupils. Children's minds are easily lead, they also have a tendency to imitate, and who, besides their parents, are they most likely to pattern after than their teachers?

## BE SURE THAT YOUR HEART IS IN IT.

BY J. C.

THERE is plenty of paying work to do,  
In the vast, broad fields of Father;  
And time has ripened to golden hue  
What the reapers soon must gather.  
If we ne'er before have done such work,  
We had better now begin it,  
But, first, lest we tire, and the harvest shirk,  
Be sure that our heart is in it.

The sickles used, to be keen and sure,  
Must be whetted with self-denial;  
For the sweetest joy to the brave and pure  
Is wrung from the hour of trial.  
We must dare the prickles to reach the rose  
If we hope to cull and win it;  
If we wish the grain, where the thistle grows,  
We must know that our heart is in it.

It would be a dreary world indeed,  
Were it not for love's grand labor,  
Where each in turn, must sow the seed  
Of bliss to his friend and neighbor.  
But the glorious fabric of human weal  
We can neither weave nor spin it,  
Unless, through the shuttle of grace, we feel  
That our heart and soul are in it.

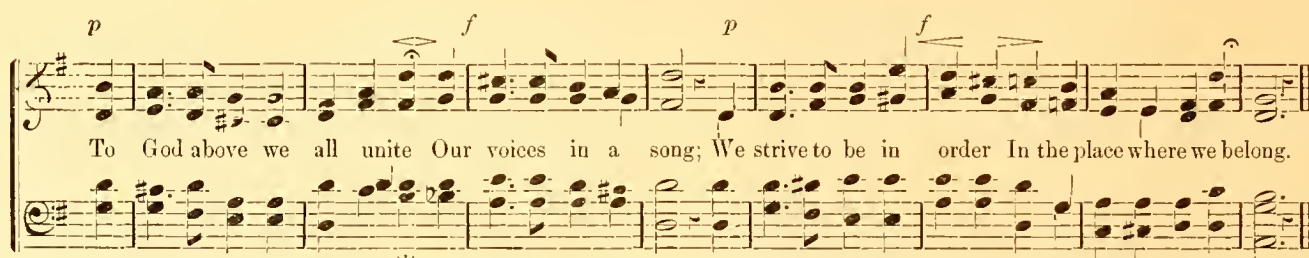
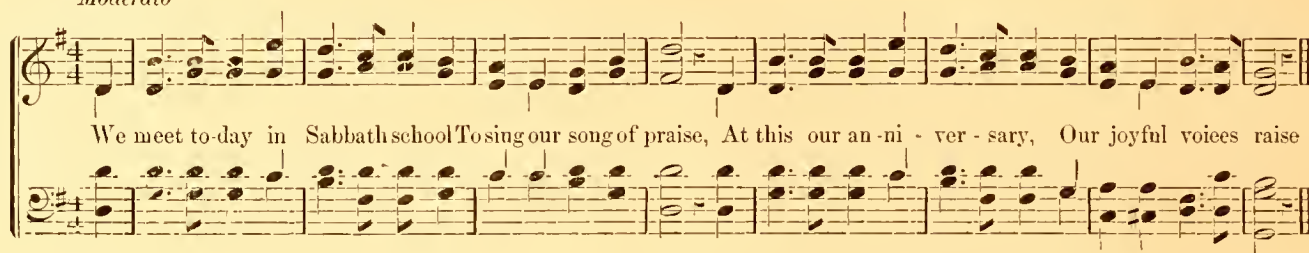
REBUKES.—Open rebukes are for magistrates and courts of justice. Private rebukes are for friends; where all the witnessses of the offender's blushes are blind, and deaf, and dumb.



## ANNIVERSARY SONG.

WORDS BY JAMES MAXWELL.

MUSIC BY A. W. HOOK.

*Moderato*

We love to be at Sabbath school,  
To reverence this day;  
And try to shun all evil that  
Across our path may stray.  
Our loving teachers meet us here  
On every Sabbath day;  
They teach us here the ways of God,  
And also how to pray.

We thank our parents, who are kind,  
For sending us to school;  
Our teachers, too, for us they teach  
To keep the golden rule:  
To do to others as we would  
That they should do to us.  
'Tis what our blessed Savior said,  
Who died on Calv'ry's cross.

## "NOTHING TO DO."

Nothing to do in this world of ours!  
Where weeds spring up with fairest flowers,  
Where smiles have only a fitful play,  
Where hearts are breaking every day!

Nothing to do, thou Christian soul!  
Wrapping thee round in thy selfish stole.  
Off with the garments of sloth and sin;  
Christ thy Lord hath a kingdom to win.

Nothing to do! There are prayers to lay  
On the altar of incense, day by day.  
There are foes to meet within and without;  
There is error to conquer, strong and stout.

Nothing to do! There are minds to teach  
The simplest form of Christian speech;  
There are hearts to lure with loving wile,  
From the grimmest haunts of sin's defile.

Nothing to do! There are lambs to feed,  
The precious hope of the church's need:  
Strength to be borne to the weak and faint;  
Vigils to keep with the doubting saint.

Nothing to do! And thy Savior said,  
"Follow thou me in the path I tread."  
Lord, lend thy help the journey through,  
Lest, faint, we cry, "So much to do."

A GENTLEMAN, some time ago, counted nearly a hundred dead birds near the line of the telegraph wire during a ride of only three miles.

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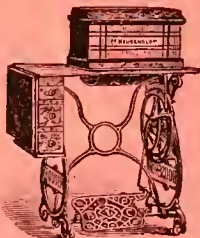
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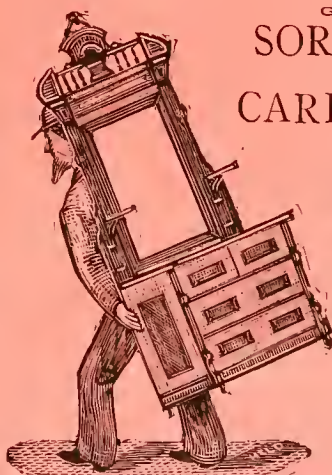
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